

LOGAN (SAM.)

# VALEDICTORY ADDRESSES

DELIVERED AT THE

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

OF THE

## N. O. SCHOOL OF MEDICINE,

MARCH 14th, 1869.

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Valedictory on the Part of the Faculty,

BY DR. SAMUEL LOGAN, PROFESSOR OF SURGERY.

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Valedictory on the Part of the Class,

BY DR. A. S. GATES.

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NEW ORLEANS:

PRINTED AT THE "BRONZE PEN" BOOK AND JOB OFFICE, 112 GRAVIER STREET.

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*Presented by  
G. H. Martin*

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## ADDRESS OF PROF. LOGAN.

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In the experience of every human being there are certain epochs marked with a peculiar interest; certain prominent points in the highway of life where we are apt to pause and wistfully look, or try to look into the future, and which must ever stand conspicuously in view when, in later years, Memory looks back, down the vista of the past, and with her magic power conjures up her dreamy pictures of the "days that are no more." Around these points, as around the central figure of a skillful artist, she, too, groups her most cherished associations; while over the whole she spreads her mystic colors to suit each picture, be it sad or gay.

You have now, gentlemen, reached one of those epochs, one of those life-prominences, from which you would fain try to pierce the mists of the future and descry something of the path you would follow. It is but natural that at such a time you should look for the sympathy of your friends, and the kind faces around you evince that they, too, appreciate the occasion, and are ready to join us, your late teachers, in bidding you a hearty "God speed" upon your journey. We may not hope that it will all prove a smooth pathway, bordered throughout with roses, and passing only through the pleasant valleys and by the still waters of life; nor may we fear that it will prove a uniformly harsh and rugged road, with nothing to soothe and cheer you by the way. Like that pursued by mankind in general it will probably, for each of you, have its rugged steeps and its dreary wastes—perchance its black clouds and its howling storms; but it will also have its smooth and flowing vales, its cool and shady windings. And it is well for us that this is all so arranged by a Supreme Wisdom, whose laws are thus more kind to us than we, in our shortsightedness, would be to ourselves. Were there no troubles to overcome by manly exertion, and all were calm and clear and smooth in life,

what would man be? Where would be each one's individuality, were these necessary elements for that discipline of soul which makes the man, withdrawn? "Sweet are the uses of adversity," is a proposition as full of the deepest philosophy as it is of the purest religion. Or, per contra, were the world nothing but a barren and unsatisfactory waste, as it seems to the selfish, ungrateful recluse, who deliberately closes his eyes and turns his back upon the blessings with which a bounteous and loving Father has endowed us;—were the world—as some of the nasal ranters of the day with equal ingratitude would lugubriously affirm—were the world truly photographed by these poor creatures, whose souls must be as lean as their hearts are empty, what would be our wretched state? Each human being a poor drudge, driven along by an inexorable, merciless fate, with no will, no motive for soul-strengthening exertion; again, no individuality, only one of a herd of poor "dumb-driven cattle," as Longfellow expresses it, on life's highway. Experience, philosophy, and religion all warrant us in the prediction that, take what road you may, each traveler will have his due allotment of sunshine and of shadow, so proportioned by a wise, benevolent Providence, as is best, if rightly used by him, for his highest good. As the best wish our hearts can offer you at this time, we would pray that He who governs all things will grant you that wisdom which will guide your steps aright, and that abiding and loving trust in Him which will sustain you through all troubles, and finally conduct you safely to your eternal home.

We have, hitherto, my young friends, been associated as pupils and teachers; hereafter we stand upon the same footing. We from this day are confreres; and, therefore, while we bid you adieu as our pupils, we at the same time would most cordially extend to you the right hand of fellowship, and welcome you into the ranks of our beloved profession. Our duties may separate us widely, but in this fellowship we will find a chain which will connect us through life. It is but natural that those engaged in a common pursuit should harbor a common sympathy; and if this be an inherent quality in the social instincts of mankind in general, how much purer, warmer and more cordial should that sympathy



become among those engaged in such a pursuit as that to which you now pledge your best exertions ?

And can I do better on this occasion than to invite your attention, and that of you, ladies and gentlemen, who have kindly lent your countenance to these ceremonies, to a brief consideration of the nature of that pursuit ?

Medicine is the study of Nature in her highest manifestations, and the application of that study to the benefit of our species. It includes or touches upon almost all science ; for man, in his innumerable relations, is more or less connected with all God's universe, and Man and his relations is the object of our study and the subject of our labors. You could have selected, gentlemen, no pursuit in which you can find a better field for the development of the best traits of human character, or a wider scope for the exercise of human intellect. Humanity in all its phases, including all the varieties of its vivid experiences, will appeal to the best sympathies of your heart, and these, rightly responded to, will necessarily stimulate the development of all that is truly noble in your moral nature ; while the richest fields for mental effort invitingly spread themselves before you, clothed in a tempting variety ready to gratify every kind of taste.

It is among the suffering and the afflicted that we best learn to forget self for others, and that the heart receives its best lessons of patience, fortitude, resignation, and all the Christian virtues, and is best prompted to the exercise of all those genial sympathies which should bind together the human family. The man who spends his time in the daily practice of our profession, and fails to feel his heart enlarged with a deeper charity, as day by day he wends his way among the sad, the sorrowing and the afflicted—the man who thus feels the very heart-throbs of humanity, must indeed have something inherently vile in his nature if he fail to become a kinder, although a sadder man. It is said, ladies and gentlemen, by some superficial observers, that such experiences tend rather to harden the sensibilities than to strengthen the sympathies of our nature. Such an assertion contradicts all the social experiences of the civilized world, and is opposed to all recognized principles of moral philosophy. There is no faculty or trait of character which is not strengthened by

exercise. This is one of those immutable laws which belong to the nature of man. It follows, therefore, that he who most exercises his natural sympathy for suffering, must the more confirm and strengthen that trait of character. We will grant that he who constantly resists and opposes, and represses that sentiment, may become, in obedience to the same law, hardened in his selfishness. But let us hope that such cases are the exception, not the rule. I would blush for my profession were it otherwise. May we not, indeed, claim that there is no class among whom there harbors a warmer sentiment of practical catholic benevolence and charity than among those whose time and whose thoughts are devoted to the relief of the many "ills that flesh is heir to;" and is not Oliver Wendell Holmes correct when he notices the fact that rarely, indeed, in comparison with other classes of men, do we find specimens of the lowest phase of human character among the legitimate members of our profession. This delightful writer, not very long ago, said that he had failed to find in his experience any practicing physician at all suited as a model upon which he could construct the character of a "villain doctor." Yes, gentlemen, all the associations belonging to the profession you have chosen are ennobling to the heart, and must therefore, when rightly used, tend to elevate your *moral* nature.

And when we review the field for intellectual labor offered to its votaries, how rich and how varied the prospect! Man, with all that relates to him, is the object of our study. "*Gnothi seauton*" should be our motto. How comprehensive the subject! how inexhaustible the field! The student of our profession may well say in even a wider sense than was meant by Terence when he used the words "*Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto.*"

Man and his relations! Here may be found a field for the gratification of every variety of intellectual taste, and no danger of satiety, for new wonders and new incentives for further and still further study arise at every step in any direction in which your special taste may lead you.

Man has been well said by some of the older sages to be a microcosm of the universe. In his nature we find represented, not only the material constituents of that universe, but the forces



which operate therein. He is thus a microcosm of the universe, but he is something more. He has that within him which is above and beyond all the rest of God's creation—that incomprehensible, mysterious, self-conscious, reasoning soul, which, while it constitutes the scepter of his power over the rest of creation, at the same time binds him in a conscious dependence on the Great Creator, whom we have been thus truly taught to call with becoming reverence, "Our Father." Can there be found in all nature so grand a theme for our contemplation, and speaks not the poet well when he says that "The noblest study of mankind is man?" No study so elevates the mind towards the Great Source of all Truth, or should more tend to bow the soul in humble reverence before the footstool of Him "from whom and of whom are all things, and without whom there is nothing."

All seekers after truth are, by the very fact of doing so, brought so much the nearer to God, who is truth. The astronomer with painstaking zeal collects and collates the phenomena presented by the heavenly bodies, calculating their speed, measuring their size, tracking them in their far coursing orbits, arranging them in their natural systems; and as, reducing his knowledge to law, he rises higher and still higher in his grand generalizations, he finds himself drawing nearer and yet nearer to Him who "holds the earth as in the hollow of his hand and guides the planets in their orbits." The geologist penetrates the earth's crust, layer after layer, and as he peruses the tabulated records of former ages, there indelibly preserved, he feels that there also is to be seen, far back, ages and ages beyond all recorded time, the same forming hand which now, as then, gives life and law to all things. The chemist penetrates the veil still deeper, and while he watches with curious eye the molecular actions which underlie all changes, he too feels the Invisible Presence.

The student of organized nature finds still higher and more intricate design in every plant or animal whose structure and whose growth he examines. As he studies the anatomy and the physiology of plant or animal, he finds himself absorbed in the contemplation of the wonderful powers exhibited by what we call *life*. Led, indeed, by these sciences, we penetrate into the secret hiding place of that mysterious agency; and do I hazard too much

in saying that these sciences have found this hiding place, this long sought *sanctum sanctorum*, to be simply a little microscopic cell? May we not affirm that herein resides at least this mystic power we call *life*, even if we are still constrained to acknowledge our absolute inability to define what it is? A cell—a little microscopic cell—the parent, the *fons et origo* of all structure, what is it? A simple cell membrane containing a fluid, semifluid, or granular material, and generally a nucleus and a nucleolus. And this is pretty nearly all we can see in that wonderful little body, that mysterious little workshop, wherein Nature elaborates her grandest and her most curious designs. Lo! a wonder and a constantly repeated miracle! In this simple little body resides the skill, and from it issues the power which uplifts the trunk of the giant oak to Heaven, and plants its grasping roots deep and far into the earth; which clothes the fields in green, and covers the hill-sides with the summer flowers; which peoples the ocean with teeming life, there builds its coral continents, and decorates their jagged cliffs with a drapery of tangled sea-weeds; which fills with life the wet morass, the arid plain, the lofty mountain slopes; which peoples the earth with successive generations of human beings, and supplies all the wonderful energies with which that phase of life abounds; which, in short, working through the whole vegetable world clothes all nature with a magical beauty, which no fairy land of the imagination can excel; and, moving through the whole animal creation, fills the world with active, happy life, and evokes from each living being the marvelous phenomena of sensibility, motion, instinct, passion, nay, even perhaps thought itself! Thus by a wonderful process quietly going on throughout the vast domain of organized nature, by the constant workings of the mystic God-given power which is ever busy in each little organic cell—each effecting its special purpose—we see evoked from these simple elements a variety of phenomena as astounding in character as exhaustless in extent; we perceive the beautiful results of an energy as powerful as it is mysterious and past finding out. We reach now and we feel that we are in the actual presence of those “things unseen,” which are in truth more real than the “things seen.” They are the more real for they are the more potent, moulding as they do the passive and mere mate-

rial world to suit their special purposes. Does not this contemplation bring us near, indeed, to the Great Unseen Himself? The microscopist viewing through the object glass of his instrument one of these little cells has gone as far into Nature's mysteries as human intellect will probably ever penetrate. He stands at the confines of the unknown and the unknowable—at the very entrance to that "Holy of holies," before which it becomes us to recognize our finite powers, and rest content to bow in humble acknowledgment of our comparative ignorance, and in adoration of that Almighty Being whose presence we must feel encompassing us on all sides, meeting us where'er we turn.

The student of Man is lifted into yet a still higher sphere, is brought to a still nearer communion with his Maker. It becomes his special privilege to see in his own mental nature, superadded to the mere animal life, a reflection, a flickering ray it may be, of Him who "knows all things and from whom *nothing* is hid."

When, from observing the peculiar shape, size, structure, changes, etc., of any part of the human body, as taught by anatomy, we infer its *function* as taught by physiology; and when we again take into consideration the relations of that special part and its function to other functions of other parts; and yet again when we observe how many various and apparently diverse parts or organs with their respective functions, all concurrently tend to the production of some one common result, and we see that that result is of evident importance, more or less, to the existence and the well-being of the individual or the species—when we thus see that each and all are related parts of a great *plan*, we wake to the consciousness that, while learning, step by step, to descry the numerous evidences of intelligent and beneficent design, specially imprinted upon this portion of God's creation—this *chef d'œuvre* of Creative power—we are really learning to read, letter by letter and syllable by syllable, it may be—mere school children of Dame Nature as we are—yet, truly and understandingly, to read the very thoughts of the Almighty himself. It is a trite but true expression that the true philosopher, while studying at the feet of Nature, learns from her inspired lips

"To look from Nature up to Nature's God."



Nothing can be more false than the old scandal which accuses our profession of a tendency to atheism. It was only in the days when religion was identified with blind superstition, and when the mere dissent of the student of Nature from the dogmatic dicta of sectarianism, was branded as atheism, that the old adage, "*ubi tres medici duo athei*," could receive any credence. He who, with all the light of modern anatomy and physiology to guide him, studies the human body and uses his common sense, observing, as he must, so plainly written there the most hell-apitable and overwhelming proof, as I have already remarked, of all-wise and all-beneyolent *design*, he who does this, and then, with unabashed and brazen front, presumes to say "there is no God," must be either a fool or a lunatic, as some one has expressed it; otherwise he speaks not what he must feel to be the truth. True philosophy and true religion can never in the end be at variance, for all truth is but one; and is not Tertullian correct when he says that "Philosophy and Medicine are twin sisters"?

Nor do the teachings of anatomy and physiology confine themselves to man. By pointing out the analogies and the differences obtaining between him and the other divisions of the animal creation, these sciences—or, I should rather say, this science, for they are one and indivisible—this science teaches our intimate relationship to, and yet our high position in, the great system of organic life; and humbly, yet with a proper self-respect, we realize the idea that we are in the grand cosmogony of the Great Creator really, in the words of Coleridge,

"Parts and proportions of a wondrous whole."

This consciousness of the presence everywhere we look of a Supreme Wisdom, adds strength to our faltering faith, and we trustingly realize the truth of the eloquent words of England's great philosopher poet, Pope, when he tells us that

"All Nature is but art unknown to thee,  
All chance, direction which thou canst not see;  
All discord, harmony not understood,  
All partial evil, universal good."

But should your tastes lead you to the more metaphysical and theoretical pursuits, and you delight to observe the phenomena presented by the mysterious workings of the forces constantly in

action within as well as around us, then, indeed, you may find a large field for such studies in the phenomena of life and the influences exerted by mind and sense on matter. To a certain extent some knowledge of the laws which seem to govern these relations, some acquaintance with what may be called *medical metaphysics*, is necessary in practical medicine. The effects of the mind on the body have been well illustrated in the many delusions which have at various times spread through whole communities. In fact in every age we find some wild delusion more or less prevalent; and the superficial character of the so-called "education of the masses," characteristic of our times and country, only gives additional facilities to the knaves who are ever ready to abuse this weakness of human nature for their personal advantage. You are all aware of the confidence which, even in late days, was inspired by the touch of any English king for the cure of scrofula, hence called popularly "king's evil;" while the healing virtues of the water wrung from the robe of Mahomet—which is yearly wet for that purpose during the Fast of Ramayan—is to this day believed in by thousands of Mohammedans. We have now some delusions hardly less absurd in both European and American communities, which boast of the general education of the masses.

As we observe numerous instances of the effects of mental agencies in the cure of diseases of a certain character, so on the other hand we see many examples illustrative of the effect of bodily diseases upon the mind, giving rise to the most remarkable derangements of all degrees and kinds, from the monomaniacal delusion up through all the grades of insanity to mania itself. You may have heard of the poor dyspeptic who refused to sit down because he believed himself made of glass, and feared he might break to pieces; and you will also remember the case of the hypochondriacal lady who provoked Abernathy so much by sending for him in the middle of the night to tell him she had swallowed a mouse, that he told her to cure herself by swallowing a cat, and abruptly left the room.

So, too, it will interest the student of psychology to observe the remarkable effects of mere nervous sensual impressions upon the whole system, or on some special and it may be distant or-

gan. To "die of a rose in aromatic pain" is not altogether apocryphal, and the idiosyncrasy is not confined to the fairer sex. Millington says that, *Atanar Lusitanus* relates the case of a monk who always fainted at the odor of that flower. Erasmus, the learned reformer, had fever whenever he smelt fish! Hippocrates mentions the case of a person who always fainted at the sound of a lute, and Henry III. of France, is said to have been similarly affected by the sight of a cat. Examples might be indefinitely multiplied.

Again, mental philosophy and psychology, in their connections with physiology, open their portals to the student of our profession, and invite him into their many walks, where many great intellects of all ages have groped their way before him, enticed by the flickering lights, as seductive as they are delusive. There may be seek—if haply he may find it—the seat of intellect, of imagination, judgment, memory—a fascinate diversion of the thinking men of all ages. Aristotle, of old, and the quaint writer, Burton, of comparatively modern times, with many others, would locate "phantasy" (as the author of the "*Anatomy of Melancholy*" called imagination) in the middle part of the brain, common sense in the forepart, and memory in the back; while Avicenna, and others after him, locate imagination in the "*preu*," as he called it, memory in the "*poop*," and judgment "*omithip*." More modern theorists, as you are aware, have attempted a more minute localization of the faculties in their special workshops and their habitats. Gall and Spurzheim, and the numerous divergent phrenologists after them, will lay off your cranium into regular blocks and districts; and, if you will believe them, they will give you a regular kind of city directory which will enable you to rap at the very door of any given faculty you please.

But the duties of him who undertakes to practice our profession lead also into researches of a more practical character; and it behoves him to enter the vast storehouses where the accumulated experience of the sages who have preceded us lie ready to be appropriated and applied to the relief of our fellows. Here comes in the art of medicine; for medicine is both a science and an art, and the art is necessarily distinct from the science. It is a science, when under the phases of anatomy, chemistry, phy-



siology and pathology, it lays up its stores of abstract knowledge. It is an art, when as therapeutics, surgery, hygiene, etc., it seeks to apply that abstract knowledge, guided by a carefully analyzed experience, to the benefit of mankind. It behooves every intelligent practitioner ever to keep in view this mutual relation between the *science* and the *art* of medicine; for this is the only way by which he can preserve himself from a kind of intra-professional charlatanry, too commonly seen in a species of blind routine, which is really so analogous to quackery that I cannot desery the difference.

Medicine has not always occupied the dignified position now accorded it by the unanimous verdict of the best intellects and the most cultivated communities. In very ancient times the highest dignities were accorded it. Esculapius was regarded as the son of Apollo. Polodarius, shipwrecked on the Carian coast, had a temple erected to him after his death, by the people, was accorded divine honors, and while alive received the more comforting honor of the hand of the daughter of their monarch in marriage, as is related by old Homer. For a long time during the "dark ages" the practice of physic was in the hands of the ecclesiastics; who, from being themselves the practitioners, became, afterwards, rather the opponents of the profession; and to such a degree was this hostility carried, that its study by the ecclesiastics was prohibited by the Council of Tours in 1163, and in 1215 Pope Honorius III even denied benediction to all who practiced surgery, on the ground that the church abhorred all cruel and sanguinary practices. It is gratifying to find what different relations now obtain between our profession and that very mother church formerly so hard upon us. We are co-laborers in a cause the common object of which is the assistance of the weak, the poor and the sick, and at the bedside of the sufferer we should encourage that sympathy which a common object naturally engenders. Must we not also gladly acknowledge our obligations to those devoted bands of self-sacrificing sisters of that church, with whose exertions pray what hospital would willingly dispense? What surgeon or physician attending at such an institution does not know, that his labors are doubly hopeful of results when he feels that his patients

are in charge of these well named *true* "Sisters of Charity," as gentle and as kind as they are energetic, systematic and careful. They, indeed, "show their faith by their works," and will surely reap their reward.

As letters revived medicine too began in Europe to emerge from the general gloom and to assume some shape. Like the other branches of human knowledge, it also has been beclouded more than once with delusive theories, and been driven by imaginative enthusiasts into various absurdities, which all have their day and depart. The strict system of Baconian inductive logic, at present in vogue in all the departments of scientific research, saves us now, to a considerable degree, from many of these delusions. Any marked violation of this system of reasoning simply excludes those so guilty from recognition in the walks of science. But in olden times these popular and wild fancies, not, as now, mainly confined to the unreasoning crowd, infused themselves even into the ranks of the profession, and modified its practice. At one time, for example, the doctrine of Signs prevailed, and found such advocates as Dioscorides, Pliny and Paracelsus, while a systematic work, "*De Signaturis Plantarum*," was written by one Crollius. This system taught that each medicine had some sign which would indicate its uses. Red flowers were considered good for blood diseases and yellow for liver complaints. The dark spot like an eye in the corolla of the euphrasia, a flower not unlike the cotton blossom, and to be seen in abundance in the lowlands of this State, was considered an indication of its usefulness for the cure of eye affections, and it was indiscriminately prescribed for all the different diseases of this organ. One of the fashionable delusions now so prevalent, especially in this Western country, is not one whit less puerile.

Many of these delusions are only revivals of old follies, which have long since proved their fallacy by their ephemeral existence. As an example we may cite the revival of the old methods of cure by animal magnetism, mesmerism, etc. These are, indeed, no new things. Plutarch says that Pyrrhus cured (I) diseased spleen by passing his hand over it, and Celsus says that Asclepiades calmed pleurisy by friction; while Caelius Aurelius gives special direction, according to Millegen, how to make the passes for

various affections, and notices the lethargy produced. Van Helmont is said to have cured by this means, and this is said to have been one cause of his having been thrown into the inquisition. Tertullian in his treatise "*De Anima*," alludes to a kind of mesmerie or magnetic ecstacy, in which the patient told what means to use for his relief, and even undertook to prophecy. So that long before Father Hell, the Jesuit and professor of anatomy in Vienna, told Mesmer in 1774 that he had cured himself of rheumatism by the process now called mesmerism, and even before Lenoble had noticed similar phenomena in 1754, the thing was known, and there were found crazy enthusiasts and designing knaves to carry its application to as extravagant and absurd an extent as any of the modern hambugs may boast of.

I have endeavored, gentlemen, to give you some idea of the character, the scope, and the general history of the profession to which you propose to devote your lives. If pursued with the earnest devotion which true science demands of her votaries, and with that charity for the suffering you propose to relieve, without which, I beg leave to affirm, no physician can be a gentleman, your intellect will find abundant opportunities for its best efforts, while the nobler attributes of your moral nature will find a full field for their development.

Such, then, ladies and gentlemen, is an imperfect sketch of the character of the profession whose duties and responsibilities these young gentlemen, in your presence, have, this day, formally assumed. Its claims for the respect and gratitude of men are daily receiving more favorable recognition; and we may well indulge a becoming pride when we see that these claims meet with a response more or less favorable just in proportion to the degree of culture and true civilization of the various States and communities. I say true civilization, for this is quite a different thing from the mushroom growth of morbid and fanatical, imaginative, but unreasoning sensationalism, so characteristic of some communities, where education is diffused but superficial, and self-assertion and conceit take the place of true refinement and cultivation.

I need hardly enter into any details to prove the claims of this profession upon the gratitude of mankind. The simple facts, re-



cognizable on all sides, speak for themselves. Within the last half century the adoption of proper hygienic measures, with the improved system of treatment, has added more than *ten years* to the average term of human life, as is clearly proved by all the mortality statistics of both European and American communities. Jenner's discovery of the virtues of vaccination is calculated to have saved millions of human lives. The blessings of chloroform and ether in surgery and practice are simply incalculable; and innumerable other triumphs of our art, many of them only duly appreciated by ourselves, shine out on the records of our profession to gladden the hearts of suffering humanity, and to encourage us to still nobler efforts.

To you, gentlemen, we look, and the world looks, for your share of exertion in this great cause. Your time is not to be spent merely in the philosophic study of mankind; you are also to endeavor to apply that study to his benefit. It is not only for the gratification of your intellectual taste that you have entered the brotherhood. You will be expected to practice as well as to study. But in undertaking to practice you assume most important responsibilities, responsibilities the importance of which can hardly be overestimated, though too frequently regarded by ourselves, as well as the public, in too trivial a light. Think for a moment what you this day undertake to do. Sickness, suffering and death are the most fearful realities of this stage of human life; we meet them where'er we turn. You now undertake to enter the lists against them at every hazard, for the sake of the crowds of victims who are on all sides writhing beneath their scourges, and who will look to you as their only earthly protector. To you the father stricken down in his manhood, and dreading to leave his earthly labors more for the sake of the loved ones he must leave desolate, than from any more selfish thoughts—to you, as he feels himself sinking slowly into an early grave—to you will he stretch out his feeble hand for help. At your entrance the fond mother, leaning over her loved child, and watching day after day the little fading flower, as your entrance will she lift her tear-filled eyes and search, oh! with what energy of passion! for one ray of hope to soothe her agony. To you the husband, as he stands at the bedside of her whom he loves—dearer

than all the world besides, and feels and sees the chill dark shadow of death falling over her fair form and darkening the lustre of her still loving eye; to you, and you alone on earth, will he look for help in this his hour of sore distress. These are no fancy sketches, my young friends; some such experiences will probably occur to each of you e'er the lapse of a single year of active practice. Would you be ever ready for such emergencies? Be true to yourselves and your profession, and you will be, at least as much so as in you lies, and more cannot be expected of you. Yes, be, in the largest sense, true to yourselves, as your Maker designed you to be. Be true to your intellectual nature, by so cultivating its God-given powers as to develop its full capacity. Feed it with knowledge, exercise it with thought. Then will it be quick to discern, prompt to act, and firm to control. Be true to your moral nature, by scrupulously and religiously preserving your sense of responsibility to Him who governs all things, and by cultivating that genial charity for others which should constitute the mainspring of all the social graces, as it does of all the Christian virtues. Be true to your physical nature also, by "temperance in all things." Remember Cowper's sensible couplet:

"Habits are soon assumed, but when we strive  
To strip them off—'tis being flayed alive."

Shun, then, aye shun as you would the deadly shade of the Upas tree, the earliest insidious approaches of any of those lamentably common habits, which so easily first entwine themselves around our animal nature, then blunt the intellect and blast the morality of the ablest and the best; and, in the end, rule supreme over the wreck they have made, and revel like demons 'mid the ruins.

Be true, then, to yourselves; to that wonderful trinity of physical, moral and intellectual natures, which together and in mutual harmony constitute your humanity. Be thus true to yourselves, and you will be best prepared, not only for all the emergencies of this life, but for that land "from whose bourne no traveler returns."

Shakespeare, in the mouth of Polonius, ends his parting advice to Laertes with the following sentence:

"This above all—to thine own self be true;  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Permit me to convey my full meaning, and at the same time to impress the idea I would in parting leave upon your minds, by slightly changing a few words :

“ This above all—to thy *best self* be true;  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
*Thou canst not then be false to man or God.*”

Farewell!



## ADDRESS OF DR. A. S. GATES.

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Upon me, to-day, through the partiality of these my fellow graduates and friends, has devolved the pleasant task of addressing the Farewell. But the pleasure of being the representative before you of the class, has its due admixture of bitterness and regret. The past, our happy past, with its friends, its associations, its careless recklessness of the morrow, is to us, to-day, as it were, dead, and the task assigned me seems now the sad, sad duty of committing it to its grave.

Memory lingers lovingly around the scenes and joys of our student life, gilding each past hour with merry thoughts, and troops of joyous recollections throng to our hearts.

To-day, the one day of our lives around which cluster our fondest remembrances—the day of bright hopes and high aspirations—we throw aside our student's gown and slippers, and don the new and uneasily fitting garb of busy, active life. As we receive from the hands of our mentors these tokens of approval, each heart leaps joyously to meet the future; and longing, impatient eyes peer deep into its shades and shadows, seeking to read through the veil the destiny allotted to each of those who start so hopefully to explore its mysteries.

May we not, from the faces of friends assembled to witness the launching of our life barks, draw favorable omens, and foretell for ourselves a sunny, if not a glorious future.

It may seem scarcely my province to attempt any lengthy panegyric in praise of the profession to whose honors we are so newly admitted. But when from such representatives of its dignity we are invested with the rights and privileges which they enjoy, our hearts swell with pride that they deem us worthy to follow in their footsteps, and "from the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh."

Long and fondly we dwell upon the charms of our mistress, and though it is a theme upon which others before me have, with

lavish hand, scattered the flowers of rhetoric, I, too, dare raise my voice in humbler and ruder strains, perchance to swell the chorus of those who chant her praises.

To trace the onward march of the science and art of medicine through its mazes of advance and retreat, would be imposing a burden upon your patience, and would, after such an able exponent as he who has just preceded me, prove presumptuous in one.

When "Death, who knocks with equal hand at the cottage door and the palace gate," was first ushered into the world as "the grim messenger of Almighty vengeance," bringing in his train dread Disease, who spreads his blighting wings over the fair earth, Man, to whom was adjudged pain, sickness and sorrow, sought means wherewith to ward off his "insatiable dart."

With the knowledge of "Good and Evil," as he attains nearer to that rank from which he fell, as in God-like attributes he becomes more like Him in whose image he was created, we find him the more able to heal the sick, to make the lame to walk, and the blind to see.

We, of to-day, with the works of those gone before us as lights to illumine the dark spots in our paths, can scarcely imagine that the time was when the dark cloud of superstition so overshadowed our science, that incantations were chanted at the bedside of the sick to exorcise the evil spirits which, as diseases, racked the "human form divine." We wonder that the shades e'er hung so darkly over her youth that the "Doctrine of Signatures" should have had its advocates in her ranks; that doctrine which treated like with like.

The surgeon of the Present wanders back among his medical records, to come at last to the Barber as the first who at the direction of the man of medicine, practised the art which now, as modern surgery boasts of such triumphs, and which is so near perfect. The *ux medicatrix natura* has given place to the skillful hand, wielding the saving knife.

One by one these relics of the Past fade away before the steadily advancing light of Knowledge, and we may hope for a day not far distant when its beams will penetrate with health-bringing warmth, even into the very haunts yet tenanted by the

demons of ignorance, dispelling with its genial rays the miasms of superstition which yet hold man in its baneful grasp.

We may well be proud to assume the armor and grasp the standard of such a cause.

Year after year adds its hoard of treasures to the heaped-up storehouse of medical knowledge.

New facts, like beacon lights gleam from every crag, and shed their streaming rays far out over the dreary wastes yet unexplored, warning away from a rocky coast, or inviting to safe and pleasant harbors those "Toilers of the Deep" who seek for Truth in all her purity. New theories like silken threads lead the devotee on and ever on through the labyrinths of doubt and uncertainty, out into the open sunlight of reason and truth.

Day by day the seekers are at work, and from the accumulated mass of years drag forth some "stone which the builders rejected," which fashioned and turned by a master-hand proves a "gem of purest ray serene," and the Earth, the Air and the Sea yield up their jewels one by one to deck the brow of the "Goddess of Medicine," who, with healing in her wings, hovers o'er God's fairest creature, man.

Medicine stands to-day hand in hand with her sister sciences, not blushing to borrow from them those facts which prove of service, or selfishly retaining those treasures of her own which may benefit them, wearing upon her features the stamp of Truth, Dignity and Honor. Not one of them has greater triumphs to boast, and with lavish hand she pours at the feet of suffering nations her dearly earned jewels of thought and experience, while for her faithful servants she has laurels undying.

Names appear among the list of her followers, which unborn nations will yet lisp in praise; heroes, whose fame was not achieved upon the tented field, amid the braying of trumpets and the clash of steel, but by the lonely bedside, amid the groans of the unfortunate—names which will outlive the hero who carried war, death and desolation in his hand, and whose claims to remembrance we each love to dwell upon and hand down in story and in song. Following down the path which their feet have hallowed we in our hearts long to enroll our names, lower down perchance upon the record, among those whose deeds live



after them, that when we too leave the scenes of our labor they may be reckoned as markings of the progress of medicine.

As we stand upon the threshold of our busy life, before turning into the separate paths assigned us in life's journey—as we strike hands in parting, we turn again to you and ask you to bid us “God speed.”

To the Professors of the “New Orleans School of Medicine,” in the name of the class of “sixty nine,” I extend sincere thanks for the kindness and interest manifested towards us during our collegiate course, assuring them that the principles and precepts enunciated to us from their respective chairs have taken firm root, and will ever prove to us sure footing upon which to base our future.

We fully appreciate the labors you have undergone to prepare us for the life we undertake, and we will ever gratefully remember the unselfish hands which have unfolded to our view such pages of thought and experience.

Though the ties with which association have united us to you are to-day sundered by the rude hand of destiny, years will but soften into a halo the glow of gratitude which now warms our hearts towards you.

Memory will ever twine her greenest wreaths around your names, and in return we ask but a kindly corner in your remembrance for ourselves.

Fellow Graduates, the saddest part of my task now rises before me. To bid you farewell, you who have struggled on shoulder to shoulder with me through the long months of preparation and study, who have shared with me the joys and happiness of student life, is indeed a task from which I can not but shrink with regret.

In after years as each well remembered face passes in review, called back from the dim Past, or as from afar, I watch the rising of some star upon the medical horizon, which glitters to the name of some one of this Class, there again, will my heart throb joyously with pride, as it does to-day, when I remember that I was called to the honor of representing this class.

“There are strange chords in the human heart” which lie dormant for years. This hour with uncouth hand has sought

and struck chords in my heart, and the tones they send forth are sombre and melancholy. In years to come, they will yet vibrate with something of regret, that Time, in his ceaseless will, has hurried me far away from such friends, regret, that to me will come no more, the cordial grasp of the hands, last pressed to-day.

With the post you have assigned me, Fellow Graduates, you have vested in me, the right to *attempt* to advise. But the advice, comes through me only from those better calculated to claim your consideration.

In the Law, in the Church, in the Army, the bonds of brotherhood, draw their followers together in good feeling and fellowship. Let us who receive upon our shoulders, the mantles of those gone before us, so live, that the Profession which we represent shall be characterized by its fellowship as well as by its Honor. Let us cast back the accusation sometimes made by the world against our Mistress that she is the Goddess who throws the apple of Discord to her followers. In these days when discovery upon discovery has opened far away before us fields of labor which unite searchers, when the paths which branch away from the beaten track are so numerous, each leading through its mazes and wanderings to pleasant retreats there need be no crowding and jostling among us.

Condemn no brother upon his opinion though we cannot endorse it, sustaining the Profession ever, as noble and honorable.

Ever give a heeding ear to the whisperings of that still small voice, which I know will warn or approve you. The hopes which long association with you has nurtured in my breast, tells me, that there need be on my part no elaborate exposition of the Code of Ethics.

The duty to ourselves and the duty to one's neighbor, will ever prove to you, sure guide stars, by which to steer your life boat, clear of the shoals and quick sands which have wrecked so many bright hopes.

Strive, honestly and truly, but do not, I beg you, carve your names high on the tablets standing on the shoulders of some less fortunate brother, and trust me that individual merit will wreath for you the brightest chaplets, with no thorn to gall your brow when crowned with success.

Let the words of truth which have rung upon your ears from the lips of those who have thus guided our tottering footsteps, sink deep and take firm root in your hearts, cherish them ever as the "Magic Talismans" by which to gain entry to that Temple which crowns the Hill of Science.

In parting with you to-day, memory stores away with jealous care, as her dearest treasures, the remembrance of this hour, the bright spot in life, which will bring its smile, to erase the traces left by years, shaded only with the regret that to such friends I must say "Farewell."





